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Texas has been undergoing congressional redistricting for 10 years. District lines change every session of the legislature. Before the next legislature convenes, however, a judge rules those boundaries unconstitutional, causing more lines to be drawn. Citizens caught in the midst of all this receive more for their tax money on proposals to regulate miniature golf courses and measures to standardize the size of bantam chickens or that's the way I feel.

Twenty-nine thousand new people move to Texas' more populous areas every year, increasing the problem. Out here in the West, we not only lose people each year, but every time the state or the school lands are surveyed west of the Pecos river, more vacancies turn up, making even larger districts to face.

One break the shortgrass country has is sharing a congressman in Washington with the north side of San Antonio. We share a common language and pay federal taxes on the same scale as the mission city. The fact the North Star Mall at San Pedro Street parks more Volkswagens and Toyotas out front by 8 o'clock every morning than we have pickups registered at ten county seats does make a uniform parking policy difficult for our congressman.

Somewhere during terms of court, or times of sessions, my base, Irion County, changed to a state senatorial district that joins parts of San Angelo and Lubbock and extends on out close to El Paso. The senator we had elected was shuffled off out of the country and had to move back to his ranch 30 miles east of San Angelo to meet resident requirements.

The rulings left the capital at Austin at the end of Congress Street, and the state flag continued to be a white star in a field of dark blue. Rights of suffrage stayed at 21 years of age and one-man, one-vote became the law, unless rulings needed to be made in the future for pregnant women far enough along to demand extra representation for unborn children.

In May, the new designated senator came out to Mertzon on a campaign visit and bought breakfast for 25 or 30 citizens. Six or seven hundred votes about catch a big turnout for Irion County. To have the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee show up in short sleeves and speak to us without a microphone or a big show made us feel left out of big government.

The lady who called the ranch claimed only community leaders were going to be invited. She asked a few of the rest of us community followers to give balance to the group, like socialites try to mix up a dinner party to keep the guests from being bored.

We can't tell how many months we'll have this guy as senator, but while we do he sure meets with my approval. The senator he replaces has good instincts on how to represent rural and city people. He fights hard for his causes, but has the reputation on both sides of the chamber of being a fair man. Just last week in Austin, a firebrand in the environmental cause admitted she admired his honesty.

After the meeting with the new senator, I dashed the old senator a note suggesting he start buying breakfast for his constituency. He is still far enough ahead on coffee checks left over from the days when he was county agent at Mertzon to host several free breakfasts as long as he limited the affairs to pancake houses and catfish johnnies.

One man and one vote has turned out to be a lot more complicated than thought. But maybe those guys 275 miles away on the north side of San Antonio will take a liking to us and take our side in the next big redistricting fight